The *ADVOCATS*

COMPLAINT,

OR

A Survey of the Uneasiness, of that

EMPLOYMENT.

LAST night, as I lay tossing on my Bed,
Desireous from day the Trouble to be fre'd,
I oft in vain wish,d for refreshing Sleep,
But still my Cares, and anxious thoughts did keep,
My restless Soul awake; my Clients cause,
Stil made me try new Plots, and search what Laws,
Authentick Customs, Practiques, or Decisions
Could make for him; and what direct Provisions,
They did include; What Lord sat on the Binch,
Or how of favour I might get a kinsh,
With these cross, Notions I put off the Night,
And with the like I ushered in the Light;
Yet stil could get no Rest, so vexed lay
To see my self alarmed by the Day.
Before my Body or my troubled Mind,
The least Repose by slumbering could find.
Thus desperate of sleep, the Joy of Life
My thoughts did enter in a doubtsome Strife.
Whether the Advocats or Clients Case
Was most to be regrated: For to trace
Their diffrent States, we will most clearly find,
(Tho' our first Verdick would be sure inclin'd
For to decide in favours of the Lawyer,
Because he takes the Client is the Drawer)
That the poor Advocat has most adoe,
Most vex'd, worst pay'd, for tho' it's true
The *Client* hath best Reason for to fear
The loss of a just Cause, yet it's as clear,
He, always hath the sweet, and hopeful Thought
He'l win the same, which makes him think he's bought

His

His eaſe with little Labour. That ſhuts up,
All other Griefs and ends his bitter Cup,
But ſuch like Bliſs the Lawyer cannot have,
For ſtill to Care he is a conſtant Slave,
Without reſpite, he's with freſh Sorrows toſt
Howe're the Caſe doth end, it iſſues to his Coſt:
For if he loſe, his Honour nips him there,
And if he win he's pleaſed no whit the mair,
Becauſe his *Client* with his *Coin* is gone,
While'ſt he is left for ſcarcity to moan,
But if the Plea endure, what greater Toile,
Uneaſineſs, Confuſion and Turmoile;
Can Mans frail Life attend; For every Night
He muſt wait on there Meetings, and on ſight
Obey their Call; He's ſometimes forc'd to vowe
What neither Conſcience, nor his Thoughts allow;
At other times he's forc'd to Drink and Eat,
When neither will nor Appetite invite.
Nor is that all, for every Day he's raiſ'd,
Although his Joynts be Weary, Old and Craiſ'd;
By Four or Five a Clock, and then he's forced to Trudge,
From Houſe to Houſe juſt like a common Drudge,
From Lord to Lord he runs; but what is worſe
For all his pains, without the leaſt remorſe,
He's Cheated of his payment, by the Tricks,
Of ſubtil Agents theſe Coin gethering Licks.
After this long chaſe of woes I found,
For my old thoughts I had too juſt a Ground.
That Advocats of all Men are moſt vext,
Which was the Scope of this my preſent Text,